

BUSH'S WAR FOR OIL • TAKI ON PRINCESS DI'S REVENGE

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The American Conservative

Dominion

**The Power of Man,
The Suffering of Animals**

By Matthew Scully



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[FREE SPEECH]

DERSHOWITZ WAS RIGHT

In the last few weeks, Irish poet Tom Paulin has been invited, disinvited, and now re-invited to give a lecture at Harvard. The controversy stems from Paulin's plainly inflammatory remarks on Israel and the Palestinians; last spring he told an Egyptian newspaper that the Brooklyn-born settlers claiming the West Bank for Israel are "Nazis, racists" who "should be shot dead."

When the remarks were tracked down and publicized, some Harvard students and faculty began agitating to have Paulin's invitation rescinded. ("We don't invite David Duke to speak," said one prof.) Harvard President Larry Summers met with the English Department, and, presto, the invitation was pulled back. Shortly thereafter some heavyweight constitutional lawyers stepped in (Alan Dershowitz, Laurence Tribe, and Charles Fried), claiming the disinvitation set a "truly dangerous" precedent. Paulin was asked, again, to come and speak.

Some points: we are troubled (if not especially surprised) at the alacrity with which some conservatives jumped at the chance to ban a controversial speaker from campus. The *Weekly Standard* (at that intermediate point where the Paulin invitation was off) penned a hearty "Harvard Grows Backbone" comment, applauding Harvard's prez for keeping a troubling speaker away from the delicate ears of Harvard undergraduates; *National Review Online* ran an anti-Paulin piece punctuated by a politically correct bromide about how students deserve to study in an environment "free of racism and hostility." Conservative groups and individual professors who have in the past played a vital role in defending the campus as a place for the free flow of ideas—even "offensive" ones—were not heard from.

American history from the '60s through '90s is littered with instances of



conservative speakers being shouted down or barred from campus speaking engagements altogether. Banning people because their views are "offensive" has long been the Left's *modus operandi*. Universities should be, pre-eminently, places of free speech, by which we mean, as the Founders did, free political speech. The effort to keep Paulin off campus is a sign that the censorship impulse is very much alive on both the Left and Right, which does not augur well for the First Amendment.

Moreover, this won't be the last of the Paulin controversy, or of incendiary comments on either side of the Israel-Palestinian dispute, or of efforts by partisans of each side to silence voices they do not want heard. (In recent weeks, the victims of such pressures have included Hanan Ashrawi, Benjamin Netanyahu, and Sari Nusseibeh.) While the United States should do far more than it has been to bring about a fair peace between Israel and the Palestinians, it can certainly preserve its own territory as a place where contending points of view can be heard.

[IMMIGRATION]

HOMELAND INSECURITY

INS incompetence is no revelation, but a succession of stories in recent months has uncovered with frightening clarity just how perilous that incompetence can be. Dysfunction at other government bureaucracies may cost lost tax dollars, but at the INS it costs lives.

First, an internal audit revealed that the INS's Institutional Removal Program, designed to expedite the deportation of criminal aliens, was in shambles. The report found that the agency has no idea how many illegals occupy American prisons and that thousands have been mistakenly returned to American society, where many have offended again. This calls to mind the case of Angel Resendiz, the "Railway Killer," who brutally murdered a dozen Americans while spinning the INS revolving door. Or worse, the gunman in the "Beltway Sniper" slayings, a stowaway from Jamaica, had been caught by the Border Patrol but released by the INS—just weeks before he and his partner paralyzed the capital.

Now comes word from the General Accounting Office that the INS could not provide the Justice Department with the addresses of nearly half the immigrants it wished to interview after Sept. 11. Foreign nationals planning extended stays in America must notify the INS of their whereabouts and any changes of address, but the agency neither publicizes the requirement nor punishes those who break the rules. Where might the next jumbo jet bombardier be learning the controls? The INS doesn't know. It hasn't enforced the change-of-address requirement for nearly thirty years.

[WAR]

DON'T KNOW MUCH GEOGRAPHY

If President Bush carries through with his plan to ship young Americans off to Iraq, he will have to provide directions. According to a recent *National Geographic* survey, just 13 percent of Americans aged 18-24 were able to identify Iraq on a map. Only 17 percent could find Afghanistan, where U.S. troops have been fighting since last fall. And despite almost daily coverage of Israeli-Palestinian violence, merely 14 percent could pinpoint its location. By comparison, 84% of Brits could find both Iraq and Afghanistan—a feat unlikely to impress many Americans since nearly half could not locate the UK.

Educators are wringing their hands, but war-bent politicians have the bigger problem. Plans to “paint the map” will not enjoy deep support as long as a majority cares too little to locate the potential colonies.

[FREE TRADE]

MAYBERRY IT'S NOT

The *New York Times* recently datelined a report on the surging Mexican narcotics trade not where you might expect, in El Paso or Los Angeles, but in Dalton, Ga. We imagine police duties in

this Appalachian foothill town to resemble somewhat the Andy Griffith Show—and without the new drug runners that might still be the case. But under the impact of NAFTA and the open borders immigration policies apparently favored by both major parties, Mayberry it's not.

“We keep arresting people and seizing drugs, but they just keep coming. We're in a boat with a big hole. We can keep bailing, but the hole's still there,” says Dalton's police chief James Chadwick.

Federal officials say that Mexican traffickers have now established themselves as the dominant wholesale suppliers of illegal drugs in the U.S., moving beyond their “traditional” involvement in marijuana and heroin into large-scale production and distribution of cocaine and ecstasy. Mexican gangs easily recruit couriers from unemployed immigrant workers—and can usually ensure discipline by threatening their families in Mexico. In the last decade, they have moved eastward and into smaller towns.

The bottom line is that anti-drug efforts of any sort face a drug trade that is now internationalized—down to its low-level couriers and dealers. Local police forces cannot effectively deal with it. In short, NAFTA and immigration have taken away another piece of American sovereignty.

[RECREATION]

NOW THEY TELL US

Three new studies concur that adolescent marijuana use increases the risk of depression and schizophrenia later in life. According to research at the University of Wales, men who smoked pot more than 50 times before age 20 had a 300% increased risk. “This really does require some further study,” said Paul Armentano, spokesman for National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, who may be considering a career change. ■

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SOUTHERN COMFORT

I wish to thank the kind citizens of Lewiston, Maine for taking into their midst the thousands of Somalis that have hurt our feelings by rejecting Georgia as their place of abode. You Mainers must really be kind to offer your generous benefits to people you don't even know and who have never been able to contribute to your community—and will not likely do so for at least the next decade. I also apologize to the Somalis for Georgia's inability to provide you with the level of assistance that you require. You see, we are just not financially able to meet your needs and demands since our resources are already committed to the tens of thousands of Vietnamese, Guatemalans, Chinese, and Mexicans who have first dibs on our public housing and financial assistance. Georgia's finances have never been quite the same since Mr. Lincoln sent Mr. Sherman to our area to help with our urban renewal.

I must admit that I was shocked to find that the 2000 census figures indicated that your community, at 97 percent white, has for too long been deprived of the diversity that most Mainers adamantly support. We will help you eliminate that deficiency. We in the South will extend our Southern courtesy to you and assist you in helping you achieve your unfulfilled goal of multiculturalism. We are making every effort to inform one and all that your financial hospitality exceeds even our own.

GENE WADE
Atlanta, Ga.

ASSIMILATION, ANYONE?

As a Somali living in the U.S.A., I am appalled to read such a fabricated lie from Roger McGrath. He should go back in history, since he claims to be historian of some sort, and figure out how his ancestors killed, imposed their religion,

and looted among the natives in their beloved land.

Second, I have figured out that he has a problem with both the religion and race of the Somali refugees. Wake up, Monsieur Le Histoire! You are a dying breed. Do not think you can incite hatred among blacks and Christians against Muslims because anybody in his right mind can see that you are as unrefined as the trash you claim to be the truth. Read more about Africans, Muslim religion, and our culture and don't dare use pieces of irrelevant information to make a case for your conniving crap.

JAMAL (last name withheld),
Vigilante Towards Racists, Bigotry, and People Like You
via email

PROTECTIVE MOM

I am responding to the letter from one reader about AC's reader base being 80-year-old bankers. I am a 34-year-old mother of a one-year-old, formerly a social worker, married to an artist of Japanese descent. We are very environmentally aware and pro-active, live modestly, and we would never dream of being bankers, (We do not, however, have anything against them, as we like our banker). We agree with much of what is written and expressed in AC, specifically in regards to Iraq.

Although we too are concerned with the immigration issue on many levels, i.e.: "open borders" and the all too attractive welfare system, we also believe that there are many people who are very ignorant and angry and looking for easy targets to blame for their problems. An example of this recently hit home with me: I was driving home from the grocery store in my Subaru with my half-Japanese baby in the back. I saw a truck ahead of me with a declaration of sorts written on his truck in large letters: "BUY AMERICAN! REMEMBER THE LOVELY PEOPLE WHO

BROUGHT US PEARL HARBOR AND IWO JIMA. REMEMBER THEIR LIES, THEIR TRICKS AND THEIR MURDEROUS ACTS." I looked back at my beautiful child and thanked God he cannot read yet.

JUN HOSHINO
via email

GOLDHAGEN DEFENDED

You were kind enough to publish my letter in praise of Taki's take on the neo-cons. I hope that was not just because I agreed with him. Now I must disagree with him. He is wrong about Daniel Goldhagen and the whole Jews/WWII issue.

Goldhagen deserves praise for his first book, which debunked the old cliché, "We Germans didn't know what Hitler was doing." Of course they knew, and they benefited from it as long as the war went well. Goldhagen spoke the simple truth: the Germans were not terrorized into supporting Hitler; they did so willingly. His book provided Germans today with a means of facing the truth and restoring their moral and mental health. In his new second book on the Catholic Church and the Jews during WWII, Goldhagen again provides a means of liberation for Catholics, who have done numerous somersaults to deny what is obvious, that Christian/Catholic anti-Judaism paved the road for Nazi genocide. To be conservative does not have to mean to be duped!

NORMAN RAVITCH
Savannah, Ga.

The American Conservative welcomes letters to the editor. Submit letters by e-mail to letters@amcon-mag.com, by fax to 703-875-3350, or by mail to 1300 Wilson Blvd., Suite 120, Arlington, VA 22209. Please include your name, address, and phone number. We reserve the right to edit all correspondence for space and clarity.

The Democracy Worshipers

Russell Kirk saw it coming. As the Cold War was winding down, the father of modern conservatism was invited to the Heritage Foundation to lecture on America's

brightening prospects. As he celebrated with his friends the "death of Marxist ideology," Dr. Kirk pointedly warned us against a new "ideology of democracy."

"Various American voices have been raised these past few months to proclaim enthusiastically that soon all the world ... will embrace an order called 'democratic capitalism,'" said Kirk. "It seems to be the assumption of these enthusiasts — many of them members of the faction called Neoconservatism — that the political structure and the economic patterns of the United States will be emulated in every continent, for evermore."

"Democratic capitalism" is "neoliberal cant," said Kirk. It is an ideological folly to attempt to recreate in foreign lands with utterly different cultures what 200 years of American history produced here. Said Kirk, this manic drive by democratists to do so in Saigon led to the murder of Diem and the loss of South Vietnam.

Kirk hailed as a peerless Cold War leader that "elderly and eminent conservative," Ronald Reagan. Reagan's foreign policy, said Kirk, was "wondrously successful, with the exception of his failure in Lebanon." Just so. In Lebanon, Reagan intervened in a civil war where no vital interest was at risk, and 241 Marines paid the price.

Kirk also noted the gathering disaster in Africa. Democratists in Europe and America had helped strangle the Rhodesian regime of Ian Smith and were pressing sanctions to bring down Johannesburg.

Was Kirk not prophetic? Was he not right? Today, Marxist-racist Robert Mugabe is seizing white-owned farms in Zimbabwe, and starvation looms. South Africa is a crime-ridden and AIDS-infested nation slowing sinking toward failed-nation status.

Like all ideologues — be they Marxist, socialist, or Wilsonian — democracy worshipers attribute their disasters not to a flawed ideology but a lack of energy. We should, they argue, have gone back into Lebanon in force after the bombing at the Marine barracks and occupied Somalia after U.S. Army Rangers were massacred. But this is folly. There was never any vital U.S. interest at risk in Beirut or Mogadishu worth sending any U.S. soldiers to die for.

Today's democratist prattle about converting a post-Saddam Iraq into an Arab model of "American values" calls to mind LBJ's burling on about "building a Great Society on the Mekong."

Not long ago, America stood for freedom. When was our love of freedom replaced by this cult of democracy? What do we mean by democracy? Orwell said he might be more enthusiastic about democracy if only he could find someone who opposed it.

What has one-man, one-vote produced in Africa? Virtually all the fifty-odd African states have reverted to tyranny, tribalism, or genocide. Africa was better off under colonial rule.

Look at South America. After repeatedly electing Peronists, Argentina is a bankrupt country whose citizens come out in Buenos Aires at night to scour

garbage cans for food. Brazil, \$264 billion in debt, just elected a Marxist to solve an economic crisis. In Caracas, the elected president is a Castroite who earlier attempted a beer-hall putsch and is busily immiserating his middle class.

From Algeria to Pakistan, Islamists are winning elections. In democratic Europe, liberated by America, defended by America, free nations are voting away their sovereignties to the socialist super-state EU. Anti-Americanism is rife. Not one European nation has a birth rate that will keep it alive as a true European state through this century. If this is what democracy produces, why should U.S. soldiers die to impose it on Arabs and Muslims? Why should Arabs and Muslims not resist it to the death?

The mark of a "soundly conservative foreign policy," said Dr. Kirk, is prudence. "Its object should not be the triumph everywhere of America's name and manners under the slogan of 'democratic capitalism' but ... the preservation of the true national interest and acceptance of the diversity of economic and political institutions throughout the world. Soviet hegemony ought not be succeeded by American hegemony."

Dr. Kirk was an authentic conservative. Is George W. Bush? In his campaign he echoed Kirk: "The United States must be humble ... in how we treat nations that are figuring out how to chart their own course." Today the President brays like a neocon: "The 20th century ended with a single surviving model of human progress."

This is the hubris of the best and brightest of the Sixties, and we know what became of them. As Proverbs reminds us, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." ■

[the call to mercy]

Dominion: The Power of Man, The Suffering of Animals

A Bush speechwriter makes a conservative argument for the humane treatment of animals.

By Matthew Scully

IT BEGAN WITH ONE pig at a British slaughterhouse. Somewhere along the production line it was observed that the animal had blisters in his mouth and was salivating. The worst suspicions were confirmed, and within days the borders had been sealed and a course of action determined. Soon all of England and the world watched as hundreds, and then hundreds of thousands, of pigs, cows, and sheep were taken outdoors, shot, thrown into burning pyres, and bulldozed into muddy graves. Reports described terrified cattle being chased by sharpshooters, clambering over one another to escape. Some were still stirring and blinking a day after being shot. The plague had meanwhile slipped into mainland Europe, where the same ritual followed until, when it was all over, more than ten million animals had been disposed of.

More than a year has passed since the last ditch was covered over. But probably you can still recall your own reactions because it was one of those events that made us all pause and ques-

tion basic assumptions. One felt that something had gone terribly wrong, something deep and serious and beyond the power of vaccines or borders or cullings to contain. We saw in all of their simplicity the facts of the case: here were innocent, living creatures, and they deserved better, and we just can't treat life that way. We realized, if only for an instant, that it wasn't even necessary, that we had brought the whole thing upon them and upon ourselves. Foot-and-mouth disease is not lethal to humans or to animals. They were all killed only because their market value had been diminished and because trade policies required it—because, in short, under the circumstances it was the quick and convenient thing to do. By the only measure we now apply to these creatures, they had all become worthless. For them, the only difference between what happened and what awaited them anyway was one of timing. And for us the only difference was visibility. This time, we had to watch.

Silent while all of this was unfolding in early 2001 were people usually quick to caution against “sentimentality” toward animals. Looking out upon those fields of burning pyres, no one could claim that mankind is going soft. The images bore witness, if anything, to an incredible hardness and abandon. It was an “economic disease,” as one writer put it, revealing attitudes there all along and now, in desperation, grimly carried out to their logical conclusion.

The drama had a familiar feel to it, for in a strange way mankind does seem to be getting more sentimental toward animals and also more ruthless. No age has ever been more solicitous to animals, more curious and caring. Yet no age has ever inflicted upon animals such massive punishments with such complete disregard, as witness scenes to be found on any given day at any modern industrial farm. Those places are hard to contemplate even without the crises that now and then capture our attention. Europe's recurring “mad-cow” scares have all come about from the once



CHRIS HIEBS

unthinkable practice of feeding to cattle the ground-up remains of other cattle. Livestock farmers around the world are becoming “growers,” their barns “mass confinement facilities,” the slaughterhouses vast “processing plants” dispatching animals—“production units”—at a furious pace of hundreds per minute.

When a quarter million birds might be stuffed into a single shed, unable even to flap their wings, when more than million pigs inhabit a single farm, never once stepping into the light of day, when every year tens of millions of creatures go to their death never knowing the least measure of human kindness, it is time to question old assumptions, to ask what we are doing and what spirit drives us on.

Animals are more than ever a test of our character, of mankind’s capacity for empathy and for decent, honorable conduct and faithful stewardship. We are called to treat them with kindness, not because they have rights or power or some claim to equality, but in a sense because they don’t, because they all stand so very unequal and powerless before us. Animals are so easily overlooked, their interests so easily brushed aside. Whenever we humans enter their world, from our farms to the local animal shelter to the African savanna, we enter as lords of the earth bearing strange powers of terror and mercy alike.

“Dominion,” as we call this power in the Western tradition, today requires our concentrated moral consideration.

Though reason must guide us in laying down standards and laws regarding animals, and in examining the arguments of those who reject such standards, it is usually best in any moral inquiry to start with the original motivation, which in the case of animals we may without embarrassment call love. Human beings love animals as only the higher love the lower, the knowing love the innocent, and the strong love the vulnerable. When we wince at the suffering of animals, that feeling speaks well of us even when we ignore it, and those who dismiss love for our fellow creatures as mere sentimentality overlook a good and important part of our humanity.

It is true, as we are often reminded, that kindness to animals is among the lesser duties of human charity—though

for just that reason among the more easily neglected. And it is true that there will always be enough injustice and human suffering in the world to make the wrongs done to animals seem small and secondary. The answer is that justice is not a finite commodity, nor are kindness and love. Where we find wrongs done to animals, it is no excuse to say that more important wrongs are done to human beings, and let us concentrate on those. A wrong is a wrong, and often the little ones, when they are shrugged off as nothing, spread and do the gravest harm to ourselves and others. I believe this is happening in our treatment of animals. The burning pyres of Europe were either a sign to us, demanding an accounting for humanity's treatment of animals, or else they were just a hint of things to come.

In the mid-1980s North Carolina had a hog population of around one and a half million. Go back another decade and we're talking fewer than a million of the creatures, most of them, in the Arcadian 1970s, actually visible; actually outdoors. Yet looking around one has just the opposite impression, and if you did not know the reality you would wonder what plague had come to carry all of them off. Ten million pigs, almost twice the state's human population, and you can travel North Carolina end to end without seeing a single snout except through the grating of those triple-decker trucks constantly rumbling by.

Murphy is a big name in these parts, the hundreds of Murphy Family Farms a monument to the life work of one Wendell Murphy, a 62-year-old former state senator and the man generally credited with the concept of mass-confinement hog farming. Inspired by the poultry industry, which today can pack as many as a quarter million birds into a single

building, he realized that with just a bit more ingenuity hog farmers could also eliminate the space, labor, and cost of raising pigs in open lots. He saw the possibility of barring their movements entirely—saving money on feed since confined pigs burn off less energy and require fewer calories than free-range pigs, deploying vaccines and antibiotics to control the diseases borne of mass confinement, and, five millennia after the first pig was domesticated, solving the problem that the animals are, well, animate. The crucial breakthrough came in the early 1960s when he conceived of how, by the simple device of slatted floors, their refuse could be collected underneath a climate-controlled confinement facility, flushed through a drainage channel, mixed with chemicals and then evaporated into the air or washed away as spray to water crops.

For Mr. Murphy and others who soon followed his example, in America and across the world, this innovation meant riches. For the pigs, it meant that not only must they be confined forever, now they could no longer have even straw to lie on. Straw would only clog the slats and pipes and mar the system. The creatures now live their whole lives on metal and concrete.

The pigs have all been locked away, never feeling soil or sunshine. The farms practically run themselves, making hogs, per unit, America's most profitable agricultural product. Scientific efficiency is transforming industry and creature alike, from the splicing of genes to the smoother sliceability of ham. There remains only the refuse to worry about, a final force of nature still uncontained and the last visible reminder of their existence as living beings. If only they didn't have to defecate so much, if only that need could be ignored as all of their other needs have been, the whole system would be just perfect.

The pork industry's own agenda lately has involved seeking a federal subsidy of more than a billion dollars annually to pay for the costs of environmental damage left by its own untreated sewage. Proposed by Republican Representative Frank Lucas of Oklahoma for the 2002 federal budget, this additional aid from taxpayers is justified, says one North Carolina hog farmer, because thanks to his industry "We eat cheaper than anyone else in the world."

A hefty girl in her late twenties, Gay has the disheveled, effusively perky manner of someone just roused from a furtive nap. She's an agricultural scientist, Gay tells me as we begin our tour. Just got her doctorate in animal science from N.C. State. Loves her career. Loves animals. Really excited to be part of this, working for Smithfield and all.

The complex is divided into five parts: the Isolation Barn, the Gestation Barn, the Farrowing Barn, the Nursery Barn and the Finishing Barn. And once you know your way around here you will never get lost at any industrial hog farm in the world, because they're all identical. In Germany, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, France, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, and the UK some 70 to 95 percent of pigs are raised by the same methods, with Italy, Greece, and Hungary not far behind. If you live in just about any country except Sweden, as of 1994 alone in forbidding mass-confinement hog farming, this is how your pork is made. These are your farms, too.

Gay leads me first to the Isolation Barn back near the lagoon for a look at the pride of Smithfield, the "seedstock" almost ready to produce the next Lean Generation of cuts.

As patented by God, the pigs would be ready to bear young well after age one. New and improved by Smithfield, they'll start bearing next month. Under

the company's state-of-the-art genetics program, these eighty young sows, not even adults themselves—and indeed exactly the age at which their ten thousand or so offspring will be slaughtered—will then go forth into the gestation and breeding barns to be fruitful and multiply. And multiply, and multiply, and multiply until they expire.

The strictest "biosecurity" procedures are observed to keep out exotic germs. The whole system depends on the survival and reproductive capacity of this seedstock, isolated here to protect them from flu, pneumonia, or other infections before risking introduction into the system. A pig displaying signs of illness is taken out, shot or clubbed by one of the associates, and trucked either to the dead hole or a rendering plant, yet those who stay healthy have it relatively good. Three to five years from now, if these creatures do any thinking in pictures on the truck to Tar Heel, they will recall in these pictures a time of wondrous peace before all the pain.

What awaits them is next on the tour, the Gestation Barn. A bedlam of squealing and chain rattling and guttural, roaring sounds I didn't know pigs could make greets us as Gay throws open the door. They are locked, about six hundred of them, not only in the barn but each between bars fitted to size. "Confinement" doesn't describe their situation. They are encased, pinned down, unable to do anything but sit and suffer and scream at the sight of the gods.

"They're scared," Gay informs me.

These four-sided encasements are still called "crates," from earlier versions of sow confinement back when Murphy and others were only getting started. And what a merciful change real, old fashioned wooden crates would be for the sorrowful beasts imprisoned here before us in six rows of

iron crates stretching the length of the building.

"We keep it nice and warm in here," says Gay. "They're completely protected from all the elements."

It takes an extra moment for the eyes and ears to register a single clear perception. But you can tell just by their immediate reactions which sows have been here the longest. Some of them are still defiant, roaring and rattling violently as we approach. Some of them are defeated, motionless even at the touch. Some of them are dead.

"They don't get a lot of exercise," says Gay. "But at the same time, that's good because they can carry more fetuses. We get rid of them after eight litters."

Their exercise regimen consists in being driven or dragged from these crates every 16 weeks to give birth over in the Farrowing Barn for a week to ten days of confinement, then returning here for 16 weeks of confinement, then back to the Farrowing Barn, and so on. They don't even leave the crates for con-

inseminated with genetically engineered replicas, not even the real stuff from real boars.

After that brief human involvement, the machines take over. Computers monitor temperature and ventilation. Automated misters and drip coolers water them. Automated heat lamps are their Sun. An automated feeding system delivers scientifically formulated food, fresh from the mill, into long iron troughs. These piles of pellets are rich in growth hormones and antibiotics and the rendered remains of other pigs—as many of the sows here now, in the wonderful Smithfield cycle of life, will themselves get sick and be shot and rendered into feed for their progeny to eat. There are even machines to monitor all the other machines, automated sensors to correct the least rise or fall in temperature, moisture, or food and water consumption—all of this data collected into regular reports for study by the team staring at computer monitors in their tidy, sunlit offices.

THE CREATURES LIVE THEIR **WHOLE LIVES** ON METAL AND CONCRETE. THE PIGS HAVE ALL BEEN **LOCKED AWAY**, NEVER FEELING **SOIL OR SUNSHINE**.

ception. To get them pregnant, Gay explains, a group of boars—briefly relieved of their own confinement—are run through the place from crate to crate, and when each sow in turn is sufficiently receptive a thrust of the "AI rod," for artificial insemination, does the rest. How is the fluid obtained that's inserted by the AI rod? It cannot be explained elegantly. Suffice it to say that there are actually people employed full time arousing boars and collecting the seed—though here, too, Ph.D.'s and men in white coats are busy improving upon nature. Soon most sows will be

The automated flushing system still needs some refining, and the odor could not be more disagreeable if one were outside doing laps in the lagoon. What must it be like for them, lying here covered in their own dung? Pigs are sloppy but they are not suicidal. They like to root in dirt and roll in mud. That's how they find food and manage to stay wet and cool without sweat glands like ours. But they have olfactory powers many times our own, snouts that can detect truffles ten feet beneath the ground, have even been used to sniff for contraband and landmines, and in nature they

Cover Story

do not leave their droppings near where they live and sleep. Among the earlier woes for some sows in confinement is constipation because they refuse, at first, to foul their own stalls.

We walk up an aisle, my guide tossing off a bewildering assortment of comments alternately kindly and callous. "They're very smart," she tells me. "I was reading in a magazine the other day where it said they're as smart as your cat or dog."

Gay embodies in her ample frame all of humanity's contradictions about animals, capable of touching solicitude one moment and staggering disregard the next. "This'll be your first time farrowing, won't it, baby?" she says to a sow I pause to inspect, identified on a tag above the cage as NPD 88-308. "Baby" is lying there covered in feces and dried blood, yanking maniacally on chains that have torn her mouth raw, as foraging animals will do when caged and denied straw or other roughage to chew. She's hurting herself with the chains, I remark. "Oh, that's normal."

What happened to this one? I ask, pointing to NPD 50-375, whose legs are swollen and body covered with open sores. "Probably a crate injury," says Gay, without breaking stride. Following her further down I realize how silly the question must have seemed. They are all covered with sores. They all have crate injuries.

The crates are seven feet long, and in width less than twice the length of my 11-inch legal pad. Not much room, is there? I ask. How can they even lie down on their sides? Gay gives a baffled shrug, like it's some kind of trick question or she has honest to God just never thought of it before. "I don't know. They just do."

The answer can be seen in the swollen legs of the sows standing or trying to stand. To lie on their sides, a powerful inclination during months of

confinement in 22 inches of space, they try to put their legs through the bars into a neighboring crate. Fragile from the pigs' abnormally large weight, and from rarely standing or walking, and then only on concrete, their legs get crushed and broken. About half the pigs of those whose legs can be seen appear to have sprained or fractured limbs, never examined by a vet, never splinted, never even noticed anymore.

We keep walking. Sores, tumors, ulcers, pus pockets, cysts, bruises, torn ears, swollen legs everywhere. Roaring, groaning, tail biting, fighting and other "vices," as they're called in the industry. Frenzied chewing on bars and chains, stereotypical "vacuum" chewing on nothing at all, stereotypical rooting and nest building with imaginary straw.

Gay trundles ahead, directing my attention to this and that with the AI rod she has been using as a pointer, cheerfully unaware of the profound betrayal of veterinary ethics everywhere around us. Who cares for these creatures, besides Gay and whatever other poor soul reports here every morning? Some Smithfield skill of a vet comes by every few days to check on the stock. But for the vets, too, they are not even animals anymore. They're piglet machines. And tumors, fractured bones, festering sores, whatever, none of these receive serious medical attention anymore. If the ailment threatens a particular production unit's meat-yielding capacity, like the vaginal and urinary tract infections apparent from discharge stains on some of the sows, that'll get treated. That can be justified by the return on labor and costs—though only if the unit isn't too old to even bother, "old" meaning three or four years instead of one or two. Otherwise, it's a quick cull and sale to the renderer. There is no sick ward here.

NPD 41-132 is lame and losing weight and dying in the cull pen—here, at last, able to stretch out her limbs. She never made it to her eighth litter, Gay tells me. By the miracle of fertility drugs she had 18 piglets in her first litter—twice what a sow will normally carry—13 in her second litter, but then started losing weight and aborting, and now, says Gay, "has served her purpose" and will be shot. Lying near her is another sow who left us this morning, dying of pneumonia, and strewn elsewhere in the cull pen the bodies of six others who for some reason just never learned to love it. The man in the truck will come by soon to take care of them all. "Most of the culls go to market," says Gay as we survey the day's casualties, "but the ones with disease don't go to Smithfield at all. These are, like, trash." The diseased ones don't go to market because at Smithfield they have standards. They make only quality products here. You, the consumer, deserve only the best.



MARLENE HALVORSON

At Farm 2149, the difference between husbandry and science is clearest in the Farrowing Barn. Here are the hardest privations of all, at least for the observer to witness. "For their own good," Gay explains to me, the sows must remain in confinement before, while, and after they give birth, barred even from caring for the piglets emerging from their bruised bodies.

They get the same 22 inches, with one difference: The bar is raised slightly at the rear, and beside each crate is a little area where the piglets are deposited from the womb, slipping out one by one onto concrete and with great labor crawling back to suckle from their immobilized mothers, who can hardly turn to see them. This is for their own good because, if the mothers could move about, they would only crush their young.

It makes such perfect sense, provided you have accepted as normal and reasonable all of the preceding agonies to which the sows have been subjected. If one were to suddenly remove the bars here in this room, yes, the sows would roll over and crush many of their piglets. I imagine you and I would lose our physical coordination too if we were released from prolonged confinement, our bodies grossly enlarged from massive doses of growth hormones, our bones fragile or broken from injuries and lack of exercise. "Vice" is certainly the problem here, but it isn't porcine vice. And the lowest are those excused as for their own good.

What the sows have not lost, somehow, is their maternal instinct, an apparently indestructible desire to care for and protect new life. They would be very comfortable here, the newborn piglets, if only they, like their mothers, could see and feel straw where there is only air. We entered to a shrieking panic as in the Gestation Barn, but now, in both aisles of this smaller facility, nests

are again being prepared. In some stalls the work is done and the mothers lean crumpled against the bars, or on their sides with legs through the bars, or actually on their foreheads, as if bowing before the gods, to shift some of the weight forward and off their legs and

their journey to Tar Heel, are suffering from pneumonia. Trembling and shaking, many lose control of their bowels and the floors must be constantly washed of excrement. *New York Times* reporter David Barboza, who came here in early 2000, describes their arrival:

THE ELECTROCUTORS, STABBERS, AND CARVERS WHO WORK ON THE FLOOR WEAR EARPLUGS TO MUFFLE THE SCREAMING. WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR THEM WE MAY GATHER FROM THE 100 PERCENT TURNOVER RATE EVERY YEAR.

ankles, warmed from above by fluorescent lamps that give the place a sickly orange glow.

The survivors will all stay here for a week or two, depending on how long it takes. Smithfield gives the piglets seven to ten days before weaning, compared with the 13 to 17 weeks that nature had planned and the three to four weeks still allowed by some intensive hog farms in Europe. When the barn is full of piglets, like a popper filled with popcorn, somebody will come by to collect them. The mothers will be tethered, as some already are. The rear gates of their stalls will be opened. And the little ones will all be swept away. Up one chute, down another, pouring into the Nursery Barn for an orientation of vaccinations, ear notching, teeth cutting, tail docking, and, for the males, castration.



They come at night, when the pigs are sleeping. They move fast, shouting and prodding and hitting the creatures to get them into the trucks. Sometimes they play country music to soothe them when they arrive at the plant, greeted by men in hardhats and steel-toed rubber boots waiting at the end of the lighted chute leading from the truck. The antibiotics are withdrawn a week before slaughter, so that many of the pigs, on

Squealing hogs funnel into an area where they are electrocuted, stabbed in the jugular, then tied, lifted and carried on a winding journey through the plant. They are dunked in scalding water, their hair is removed, they are run through a fiery furnace (to burn off residual hair), then disemboweled and sliced by an army of young, often immigrant laborers.

The electrocutors, stabbers, and carvers who work on the floor wear earplugs to muffle the screaming. What it's like for them we may gather from the 100 percent turnover rate every year reported by another *Times* writer, Charlie LeDuff, who worked at the plant undercover in the summer of 2000. "Slaughtering swine," he writes, "is repetitive, brutish work . . . Five thousand quit and five thousand are hired every year. You hear people say, 'They don't kill pigs in the plant, they kill people.'"

Smithfield recruiters, the *Times* found, "comb the streets of New York's immigrant communities, personnel staff members say, and word has reached Mexico and beyond. The company even procures criminals. Several at the morning orientation were inmates on work release in green uniforms, bused in from the county prison."

At 22 kills per minute in Tar Heel, carried out by transient, unskilled laborers, there are mistakes. Gail Eisnitz of the Humane Farming Association came down here for her 1997 book *Slaughterhouse*. She didn't make it inside, but did talk to some employees at this and other plants. "Does it ever happen," she asked a fellow named Nathan Price, identified as a worker for Carolina Foods, "that hogs aren't properly stunned?"

"All the time," Price laughed. "Because if you're killing 16,000 hogs a shift, those guys aren't going to stun all them hogs all the time. Some hogs come out kicking and raising hell."

"Is kicking the only sign that they're not stunned properly?" I asked.

"Running across the table or floor isn't a good sign neither. See, they use this four-pronged stunner. And if you don't hit that hog precisely, that hog runs across the table."

At this point, you'd almost expect that some mighty instinct would make them charge the throat slasher, the sooner to escape a world that never gave them anything but hurt, but they don't, they still want to live, and so, as Mr. Price explained, they have to be chased and beaten. There are beatings? asked Ms. Eisnitz. "That's all the time. You get a stubborn hog that doesn't want to go, employees can get to beating that hog all they want to. They use a shackle, a pipe, anything they can get their hands on."

The pigs are then downed and shackled alive, as he described it, hanging by the ankle bracelet as they move down the production line. Often, we learn, they still can't be killed because they're still moving and flailing. So they are dropped alive into the scalding tank.

Meanwhile, 38 million cows and calves are slaughtered annually in America. Ten years ago the typical U.S. slaughter plant operated at 50 kills per hour. Now, at newer plants, it is 300-400 per hour. The same immigrants man

these places, with a comparable turnover rate and identical problems in production. As Martin Fuentes, an IBP [Iowa Beef Packers] worker, told *Washington Post* reporter Joby Warrick in 2001, "The line is never stopped simply because an animal is alive."

Mr. Warrick spoke to another worker at the IBP abattoir in Washington State, Ramon Moreno, whose job it is to cut off the hooves of strung-up cattle pass-

dish field of the day to explain the hard and remorseless demands of natural selection. I require no advice from the-ologians on where mercy may be granted and where withheld. Confronted with this wholesale disregard and destruction of life, all attempts to justify it strike me as vain talk, miserable excuses that cannot cover the iniquity, the ungodly presumption of it, the scale and sorrow of it.

PIGS AND LAMBS AND COWS AND CHICKENS ARE **NOT PIECES OF MACHINERY**,
NO MATTER HOW **COST-EFFICIENT** IT MAY BE TO TREAT THEM AS SUCH.

ing by at 309 an hour. When they reach him, they are supposed to be stunned and killed already, but often they're not, as Mr. Moreno tells it. "They blink. They make noises. The head moves, the eyes are open and still looking around. They die piece by piece."



Turning to the question of animal rights, I confess that I could hardly care less whether any formal doctrine or theory can be adduced for these creatures. There are moments when you do not need doctrines, when even rights become irrelevant, when life demands some basic response of fellow-feeling and mercy and love.

Walking around a place like Farm 2149, I do not need some utilitarian philosopher to do the moral math for me, adding up and subtracting the suffering of the world to determine which lives have value and which do not. I do not need a contractualist philosopher to define for me an "appropriate object of sympathy." I do not need behavioral scientists or cognitive theorists to distinguish which pains are "real" pains and which are not. I do not need experts in evolutionary ecology or some other fad-

Only effete "urbanites," we are admonished, care about such things because we are so estranged from nature's harsh realities. But these particular realities are not of nature's design, and in every corner of our factory farms one finds the most casual disregard for the nature of the animals themselves. Nature has its own hardships, but its own kindnesses, too, like straw and room to sleep and the care of a mother for her young. When we take even those away, we are smothering the inmost yearnings of these creatures and the charity in our own hearts.

Pigs and lambs and cows and chickens are not pieces of machinery, no matter how cost-efficient it may be to treat them as such. Machinery doesn't cry or feel frightened or lonely. And when a man treats them this way, he might as well be a machine himself. Something dies in him, too. Something is lost in a society that rewards and enriches him, driving him on at this pace and in this spirit. ■

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[courage in the congress]

Immigration Reform's Point Man

Tom Tancredo makes his way against the illegal alien lobby, hostile media, and even a backstabbing White House.

By Al Knight

COLORADO REPUBLICAN Congressman Tom Tancredo characteristically spent the day after the election as he had spent the days before the election, staying in touch with loyal supporters while also trying to offset the adverse effects of the latest unflattering news stories. It is a balancing act that will dog him the rest of his political career.

Tancredo, despite having been tagged for what the media repeatedly calls his "anti-immigration (or sometimes anti-Hispanic) views," just won a third congressional term by a better than 2-to-1 margin. Lance Wright, his lackluster Democratic opponent, did not help himself politically by making energy conservation his main, if not his only, campaign theme.

The congressman, who chairs the Immigration Reform Caucus in the House of Representatives is, of course, no newcomer to immigration controversies. As a freshman he signed on as a sponsor to the Mass Immigration Reduction Act, a measure that would have cut annual legal immigration totals in half. He has also advocated stronger enforcement of border security and helped to build the ranks of the caucus to its present 62 members.

Still, it was something of a surprise when he attracted a storm of negative

coverage in the weeks before the election. The coverage was triggered when Tancredo asked the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) to investigate the family of an Aurora, Colo. honor student, Jesus Apodaca, who had been featured in an August front-page *Denver Post* story advocating that in-state college tuition rates be provided to illegal aliens. A number of groups that favor open borders, amnesty programs, and the general non-enforcement of immigration laws jumped at the opportunity to criticize Tancredo for picking on a high school honor student who merely wanted to attend a state college and study computer science. Some critics accused Tancredo of using the Apodaca case as a calculated attention-getting device, saying he invited the adverse publicity to advance his anti-immigration agenda.

In a post-election interview with *The American Conservative*, Tancredo said the resulting publicity, in fact, surprised him. He said he decided to call the INS only because Apodaca's family had been flaunting its illegal status. He also said he objected to the role of the Mexican consulate in Denver, which aided the *Post* in putting together the original story, a story plainly designed to

advance one of the policies advocated by Mexican President Vicente Fox.

The day after the election, Tancredo was taking a string of calls from supporters telling each one in turn that his re-election should be viewed as proof that "you can talk about immigration and live to tell about it." There were times in the weeks leading up to the election, Tancredo admitted, when things did not seem quite so bright.

The *Denver Post* particularly appeared to have decided that Tancredo's views on immigration were simply too loony to survive public scrutiny. The *Post* ran stories designed to show that Tancredo was an outcast in his own political party and also reported that a firm Tancredo hired to do a basement remodeling project employed at least two illegal aliens. These two unnamed workers, the *Post* reporter said, felt it necessary to come forward "as a matter of principle."

The *Post* ultimately shocked its readers by nonetheless endorsing Tancredo with what must rank as one of the most backhanded editorials ever written. "Frankly," the *Post* intoned, "We would love to be able to endorse Tancredo's Democratic opponent, Parker town councilman, Lance Wright ... but Wright actually told the editorial board that the

solution to terrorism was for the U.S. to stop importing foreign oil." The editorial went on to recommend that the Republicans find a serious primary challenger to take on Tancredo in 2004 and promised that the newspaper would support "anyone — Democrat, Republican, Libertarian or whatever" at that time.

What is even more remarkable is that the *Post's* endorsement appears positively generous compared to the *Rocky Mountain News's*. The *News* endorsed the hapless Wright solely on the grounds that Tancredo had originally promised to serve only three terms and shortly before the election took back that pledge, a move the newspaper found unforgivable. That Tancredo has survived this barrage of bad local publicity raises a couple of questions:

The first, and most important, is what he is likely to contribute to the immigration reform effort in the coming term. Tancredo answered this question by listing a number of reasons why prospects for immigration reform are somewhat improved. He noted that soon-to-be Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott has said he favors troops on the Mexican border and pointed out that the Homeland Security Bill provides, at long last, for the separation of the INS "welcome wagon" and enforcement functions. Still, he said, the reform movement is likely to remain a defensive action, at least in the near term. "When I first thought about the election results I was pleased for the Republican victories," he said. "The more I thought about it though, I realized that President Bush will get most of the credit and that raises the question of how he will use his popularity. I know this. If he wants an amnesty bill, we don't have the votes to stop him." Tancredo went on to speculate that the administration may have backed away from its earlier embrace of an amnesty program. Partly, he said, that may simply be because the war on terrorism will

continue to consume so much of the president's attention. There is, in any case, no prospect for a major rewrite of immigration policy, he said. The best that can be hoped for is to nibble around the edges of immigration issues. "Our posture," he said, "is still defensive."

Tancredo has repeatedly claimed that the current immigration policies are kept in place only because they have a high degree of support from both the Democratic and Republican parties. "The Democratic Party sees it as a source of a lot of potential votes," he said, "and the Republican Party sees it as a source of a lot of cheap labor."

The congressman is considering sponsoring a bill that would amend the Immigration and Nationality Act and establish a "nonimmigrant guest worker program for temporary unskilled workers." It is hard to tell from his post-election comments exactly how serious he is on this subject. In writing the bill, he said, it became obvious why any kind of guest worker program is problematic. If the proposal contains the kind of protections that he believes it must, it is unlikely to attract Democratic support. And some groups that favor restricted immigration policies have already objected to Tancredo's bill on other grounds and promised to give him an earful if they get the opportunity.

His proposal would provide for up to a half-million guest worker positions and create a "new non-immigrant category." Workers in the program would be entitled to sign up for one year of assured employment with a one-year renewal option. The bill contains standards for how one is to apply, what identification would be required, and what penalties may be imposed for violations. For example, the final paycheck could be withheld until the worker has "departed the United States." Under the act, "An alien who fails to depart from the United States within 21 days after

the expiration of the alien's authorized period of stay in the United States shall be ineligible for any further participation in the program for a period of 10 years." Finally, no "non-working" members of the family would be entitled to move to the United States.

Tancredo's office emphasizes that the bill would provide for a "secure entry/exit system" that would ensure that all guest workers leave when they are supposed to and that they can be tracked if they attempt to "disappear inside the country."

Even this brief description of the bill's provisions, however, demonstrates why the measure is almost certain to be attacked from both sides. Many congressional Democrats favor a guest worker program that begins by granting permanent residency to hundreds of thousands of families who are already here illegally. Tancredo's draft bill, in contrast, provides that illegal aliens who have not been identified for removal, and who can show a three-year residency in the United States without acceptance of any public assistance, could apply during an initial 12-month period. Following that period, no resident alien could apply for a guest worker permit. This is an exception that many proponents of immigration reform will not welcome.

These provisions are among the factors that have led many Americans to conclude that the best way to reduce the adverse economic and social impacts of illegal immigration is to reduce the number of illegal aliens. Some will oppose the bill simply because a guest worker program will create new enforcement difficulties and provide an excuse for not dealing with the larger issue of reducing the number of illegal aliens already in the U.S.

The second question raised by Tancredo's victory is what kind of news coverage the congressman's activities will

attract. Before the votes were even counted the answer to that question became obvious. During the election night celebration, Tancredo discovered that what he called a "slip of the tongue" could land him in trouble.

His victory speech produced an immediate controversy over whether he had used the word "retards" to describe some Democrats. Tancredo said he was trying to pronounce the word "retreads" to describe such candidates as former Vice President Walter Mondale but that when his "tongue got tied up" it sounded like "retards."

As it was, the *Denver Post* ran the story under the headline, "Tancredo Catches Heat for Retards Comment." According to the *Post*, Tancredo said, "There is nothing, nothing about this Democratic Party that calls itself the party of the future. But what does it present but mothball candidates, old retards, retreads that they bring back over and over again?" The use of the word "mothball" and the phrase "over and over again" indicates the congressman was indeed thinking of "retreads" and not "retards," but the story was nonetheless eagerly picked up by newspaper reporters and by television outlets. As for the heat Tancredo supposedly caught, it came from a woman who saw the comment broadcast on television and told the *Post*, "I'm not so sure it was a slip." The story was utterly silent on how she came to be contacted and asked for her reaction to the comment.

The obvious point here is that Tancredo cannot reasonably expect more favorable coverage in the future. What that means, one suspects, is that it may be more difficult to get his message through the continuing clatter over how "extreme" his views are.

There was additional evidence of this just before the election when a spokesman for Denver Mayor Wellington Webb referred to Tancredo in deri-

sive terms, saying, "His personal publicity campaign against the nation's Hispanic community has grown beyond offensive. He is now acting like a bratty child who is crying for attention. Maybe if we all ignore him, he will go away." These angry remarks were prompted by the objection of Tancredo and others to Webb's announcement that the city of Denver would henceforth recognize cards issued by the Mexican consulate to thousands of illegal aliens as "official identification." The congressman says he is continuing to investigate whether there is anything that can be done to stop Mexican consulates from issuing these cards or to prevent cities from accepting them.

While Tancredo is something of a new face on the national stage, it is not hard to predict how he will behave in the future. Throughout his career in Colorado, which included service in the state legislature, he has never run from controversy. He gained early attention as a member of what was called the "House crazies," a group of Republicans who endorsed what were called "radical" ideas.

The congressman, a former teacher, remembers that one of his first acts in the state legislature was to introduce a bill that would have repealed or greatly modified (he cannot remember which) the mandatory school attendance law. He also recalls that every year, for a number of years, he sponsored legislation designed to cut off funding for bilingual education. Now, 25 years later, he still thinks both of those early proposals are good ideas.

Although the media generally assume that Tancredo formulated his views on immigration once he got to Congress, that is not the case. As the head of the Independence Institute in Golden, Colo., Tancredo commissioned a study on the economic impacts of illegal immigration. The resulting paper sur-



prised and fascinated him because it showed "for the first time" what those impacts were in Colorado. As he has done with any number of other public policy issues, he has continued to learn more about immigration and how to use his knowledge to advance policy improvements. He has made it a point in all of his public speeches to differentiate between those who come to this country legally and those who come illegally. He says he likes to go to naturalization ceremonies and to congratulate new citizens for "doing it the right way."

Tancredo has long been aware that because of the lopsided registration in his congressional district, he could be challenged in a Republican primary. *Roll Call* recently predicted such a challenge in 2004, citing Tancredo's earlier run-in with Bush political advisor, Karl Rove, who reportedly warned him "never to darken the door of the White House again" after the congressman said that Bush was pandering to Hispanic voters. Therefore, it is thought the White House might want to see someone other than Tancredo representing Colorado's Sixth District. The problem with this theory, however, is that the voters of the district make it quite clear they are not bothered by Tancredo's immigration views. ■

Al Knight is a Denver Post columnist.

[warring for oil]

Imperial Profiteering

Is the Bush administration vindicating Leninist theory?

By Llewellyn H. Rockwell Jr.

IRAQ DOES NOT WANT war. The Bush administration does. Why the aggression? The administration claims war would be preemptive, but a more plausible explanation concerns Iraq's oil reserves.

Some dispute the claim that the U.S. attack on Iraq is motivated—at least in part—by the desire for Iraq's oil. What can we say about them? They may be hopelessly naïve about the public sector. The same people who are pleased to finger greed as the root cause of all accounting problems on Wall Street are loath to consider that similar impulses might inspire politicians and bureaucrats as well.

It could also be that those who deny an oil connection are not reading the newspapers. After all, the *New York Times* recently carried two large articles on Iraq's oil resources in its prominent "Week in Review" section, one of which contained a map of reserves. The reporter noted, "112 billion barrels of proven reserves is also something nobody can overlook.... Iraq's 'ability to generate oil' is always somewhere on the table, even if not in so many words."

Or consider the MSNBC story, "Iraqi Oil, American Bonanza?" which says, "Iraq's vast oil reserves remain a powerful prize for global oil companies.... Such a massive rebuilding effort repre-

sents a huge opportunity for the companies chosen to tackle it.... It's unlikely that American firms will be left empty-handed if the U.S. follows through on threats of military action."

What does oil have to do with the Bush administration? The MSNBC reporter gives the reader that information too: "American oil companies are also hoping to benefit from the industry's unusually strong ties to the White House. President Bush, himself the former head of a Texas oil company, has pursued a national energy policy that relies on aggressively expanding new sources of oil. Vice President Cheney is the former CEO of oil services giant Halliburton. National security adviser Condoleezza Rice is a former director of Chevron."

The connection between the war on Iraq and the desire for oil raises an important ideological consideration. Millions of college students are taught the Leninist idea that capitalist economies are inherently imperialistic. This is supposedly because exploitation exhausts capital values in the domestic economy, hence capital owners must relentlessly seek to replenish their funds through grabbing foreign resources. In this view, war avoids the final crisis of capitalism.

College students might be forgiven for thinking there is some basis for this

in the real world. In American history up to the present day, the onset of war tends to track the onset of economic doldrums. Recall that it was then-Secretary of State James Baker who said the first Iraq war was all about "jobs, jobs, jobs." The line between the owners of capital and the warfare state has never been that clean in American history, and it has arguably never been as conspicuously blurred as it is today.

The view that sustaining capitalism requires aggressive war is usually said to originate with V.I. Lenin as a way of rescuing Marxism from a serious problem: capitalism was not collapsing in the 19th century. It was growing more robust, and workers were getting richer—facts that weighed heavily against the Marxist historical trajectory. The Leninist answer to the puzzle was that capitalism was surviving thanks only to its military aggression. The prosperity of the West originated in blood.

But Lenin was not the originator of the theory. The capitalists beat him to it. As Murray N. Rothbard explains in his *History of Money and Banking in the United States*, the idea began with a group of Republican Party theoreticians during the late Gilded Age, who were concerned that the falling rate of profits would cripple capitalism and that the only salvation was a forced opening of foreign markets to U.S. exports. These

were the brain-trusters of Theodore Roosevelt, who heralded U.S. aggression against Spain in 1898.

The same year, economist Charles Conant published "The Economic Basis of Imperialism" in the *North American Review* in 1898. He argued that there is too much savings in advanced countries, too much production, and not enough consumption, and this was crowding out profitable investment opportunities for the largest corporations. The best way to find new consumers and resources, he said, is to go abroad, using force if necessary, to open up markets. Further, the U.S. industrial trusts then dominant on the landscape could be useful in promoting and waging war. This would cartelize American industry and increase profits. Hence, said Conant, "concentration of power, in order to permit prompt and efficient action, will be an almost essential factor in the struggle for world empire."

While Lenin found imperialism for profit morally wrong, Conant found it praiseworthy, an inspiring plan of action. Indeed, many of his contemporaries also did. Boston's *U.S. Investor* argued that war is necessary to keep capital at work. An "enlarged field for its product must be discovered," and the best source "is to be found among the semi-civilized and barbarian races."

By the turn of the century, this view had largely caught on in the economics profession, with even the eminent theorist John Bates Clark of Columbia praising imperialism for providing American business "with an even larger and more permanent profit."

Today, the same creed is captured in the pithy if chilling mantra of the *New York Times* columnist Thomas Friedman: "The hidden hand of the market will never work without a hidden fist." Lenin couldn't have said it better. Joseph Nye of Harvard fleshes out the

point: "To ignore the role of military security in an era of economic and information growth is like forgetting the importance of oxygen to our breathing."

Historian Robert Kagan is even more brutally clear: "Good ideas and technologies also need a strong power that promotes those ideas by example and protect those ideas by winning on the battlefield."

So there you have it: if you want to use a cell phone, you have to be willing to send your son to die for U.S. imperium in a war against Iraq. And if you lose your son in battle, know that this was necessary in order to shore up U.S. domination of the world economy. This is the creed of the global social democrats who champion both military and economic globalization.

With the communists and capitalists agreeing that war and prosperity are mutually dependent, how is a believer in peace and freedom to respond? While war can result in profit for a few, it is not the case that the entire system of a free economy depends on such wartime profiteering. Indeed, war comes at the expense of alternative uses of resources. To the extent that people are taxed to pay for armaments, property is diverted from its most valuable uses to purposes of destruction.

Indeed, the idea that commerce and war are allies is a complete perversion of the old liberal tradition. The first theorists of commerce from the 16th through the 18th centuries saw that a most meritorious aspect of commerce is its link to freedom and peace, that commerce made it possible for people to co-operate rather than fight. It made armaments and war less necessary, not more.

What about the need to open foreign markets? The expansion of markets and the division of labor is always a wonderful thing. The more people involved in the overarching business of economic life, the greater the prospects for wealth

creation. But force is hardly the best means to promote the co-operative and peaceful activity of trade, any more than it is a good idea to steal your neighbor's mower to improve lawncare on your block. Bitterness and acrimony are never good business, to say nothing of death and destruction.

In any case, the problem in Iraq is not that Baghdad is somehow withholding its oil from the market. For ten years, and even before the first war on Iraq, its oil supplies have been available to the world. In one of the great ironies of modern war history, the first Bush administration waged war, it said, to keep Iraq from withholding its oil resources from world markets. The U.S. then proceeded to enforce a decade of sanctions that withheld most of Iraq's oil reserves from the market.

We are not permitted to say this, but the solution to Iraq is at hand. Repeal sanctions and trade with Iraq. Oil prices would fall dramatically. Hatred of the U.S. would abate. The plight of Iraq could no longer be Exhibit A for terrorist recruitment drives. The only downside is that U.S. companies connected to the Bush administration would not be the owners of the oil fields but instead would have to compete with other producers.

The idea of free enterprise is that everyone gets a chance, and no single industry or group of producers enjoys special privileges. Through competition and co-operation, but never violence, the living standards of everyone rise, and we all enjoy more of the life we want to live. It is not hard to understand, except in the corridors of the Bush administration, where theorists have linked arms with Leninists in the belief that war is always good, and always necessary, for business. ■

Llewellyn H. Rockwell Jr. is president of the Mises Institute and editor of *LewRockwell.com*.

[mogadishu warning]

Know Thy Enemy

The cakewalk brigade underestimates the peril of urban warfare.

By Michael C. Desch

HAWKS IN THE BUSH administration are confident that the Iraqi military will not fight, and some like Defense Policy Board Chairman Richard Perle even believe that elements of the Iraqi military will stage a *coup d'état* and oust Saddam for us. Such optimism leads the administration to believe that a U.S. ground force of only 80,000 to 150,000 troops—as part of a total U.S. deployment to the region of between 200,000 to 250,000 soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen—will suffice.

While there can be little doubt that the United States will eventually win a war with Iraq, we need to understand that some Iraqi units are likely to fight, they have a strategy that can impose significant costs on us, and none is likely to do the job of ousting Saddam for us. Military operations in Iraq may require more forces than Pentagon planners think.

Despite the drubbing the Iraqi military took in the 1991 Gulf War and after a decade of sanctions, Iraq still fields a large military force comprising about 450,000 men deployed in 23 divisions. The 17 divisions of the regular Iraqi army, however, are under-manned, ill-equipped, and populated by conscript soldiers of questionable loyalty to Saddam's regime. They did not fight well in the Iran-Iraq War and hardly fought at all in the Gulf War.

The real core of Saddam's fighting power resides in the six divisions of his Republican Guard and the four brigades

of his Special Republican Guard, which total about 75,000 men combined. The Republican Guard is made up of highly-motivated and well-paid volunteers, who are reasonably well-armed and adequately trained. The Special Republican Guard is Saddam's praetorian guard composed of the most loyal Iraqis from the area around Saddam's home village of Takrit, commanded by very well-remunerated officers, some of whom are even related to him by marriage.

During the Iran-Iraq War, the regular Iraqi army did not distinguish itself on the battlefield. It was Republican Guard units that turned the tide against Iran in 1987-88 in battles at al-Basra, al-Faw, Fish Lake, and the Majnuh Islands. In the Gulf War, Republican Guard units withstood nearly 40 days of pounding from the air by coalition forces and then stood and fought against overwhelming odds while regular army units broke and ran or surrendered in the face of the U.S.-led ground operations.

Hawks might take comfort in the fact that even the Republican Guard proved no match for U.S. ground forces, as the lopsided outcome of the Gulf War Battle of 73 Easting showed. That optimism assumes, however, that this time Iraqi forces will again try to fight us toe-to-toe in the open desert.

While the bulk of the regular Iraqi army units will likely sit out the war or surrender in the event of a U.S. attack, there is a good chance that many of the remaining

Republican Guard or Special Republican Guard units will retreat into cities and seek to engage U.S. forces from there. Even a small number of Iraqi soldiers operating in cities could slow U.S. military operations and make them costly.

It is a well-established military rule that attacking forces need at least a 3-to-1 advantage to prevail in conventional combat. In urban combat, however, attacking forces need an even greater advantage because fighting in built-up areas is far more complicated and demanding than regular combat. The urban battlefield has more dimensions: in addition to fighting on ground level there may be combat underground or in upper floors of buildings. Urban operations also produce much higher rates of casualties (often in the realm of 30%) and require large numbers of soldiers to occupy territory and secure lines of communication. Finally, urban operations could nullify the United States's advantages in air power and artillery due to the danger of collateral damage to civilians.

To illustrate the challenge facing U.S. forces, in the Baghdad area alone there are between three divisions of the Republican Guard and the four brigades of the Special Republican Guards, approximately 45,000 troops who are likely to fight to defend Saddam's regime. Both the Republican Guard and the Special Republican Guard are trained in urban combat, and senior Iraqi officials have suggested

that retreating to cities will be Iraq's strategy in the event of a U.S. attack.

In order to achieve the necessary superiority over defending forces, establish a cordon around the city, and protect their lines of communication, U.S. forces could require around 250,000 soldiers on the ground (an overall 6-to-1 ratio) for operations just in and around Baghdad, a city with a population of over five million. Iraq has two other cities with populations of over one million—Mosul in the north and Basra in the south—which have additional concentrations of Republican Guard units close enough to retreat into them. Given our unfortunate experience in Mogudishu in 1993 and the Russians' debacle in Grozny in 1996, there is no reason to think that fighting in Baghdad and other Iraqi cities will be a cakewalk. All this suggests that a total U.S. force in the Gulf region of between 200,000 to 250,000—which includes not only ground combat forces but also a large number of support personnel—may be too few if we have to battle Saddam's elite forces in Iraq's major cities.

U.S. military planners have undoubtedly made similar calculations and that is why voices in the Bush administration now suggest that we may not have to fight at all because the Iraqi military may launch a coup to oust Saddam in the face of a U.S. attack. But there is little reason for confidence that this will happen.

To begin with, it is not clear which units are going to execute such a coup. The undermanned and ill-equipped regular army units may harbor critics of Saddam's regime and be unwilling to fight U.S. forces to defend it, but even if they wanted to oust Saddam, they are unlikely to prevail against the better-armed loyalists in the Republican Guard and the Special Republican Guard. Nor can we count on these elite units to turn on Saddam because they enjoy a privileged place in his regime, and they will likely be the first targets in any U.S. attack.

Moreover, while Iraq has experienced many coup-attempts in the last fifty years, there has not been a successful one since Saddam's Ba'ath Party took power in 1968. Since then, there have only been four coup attempts (1973, 1992, 1993, and most recently in 1995), none of which succeeded. Even in defeat, whether during the bleakest phases of the Iran-Iraq War or during the widespread uprisings after the Gulf War, the Iraqi military has not proved willing to challenge Saddam's rule.

To be sure, if the United States invades Iraq, as is increasingly likely, we can expect U.S. forces to prevail, but

not without cost. Rather than staging the coup of Richard Perle's imagination, the Republican Guard and the Special Republican Guard will likely fight, and by drawing us into cities could impose more casualties than they did during the Gulf War. Thus, "if we desire to defeat the enemy," as military theorist Karl von Clausewitz advises, "we must proportion our efforts to his powers of resistance" or, better yet, avoid this war all together. ■

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Counterfeit Courage

Not all victims have equal propaganda value.

By Paul Gottfried

IN AC'S NOV. 18 ISSUE, Taki makes the observation about Daniel Goldhagen and the targets of Goldhagen's assaults that leftist, anti-Islamic author Salman Rushdie would have escaped ecclesiastical threats to his life had he "picked on Christianity in general and the Catholic Church in particular. Catholics will accept anything and everything including the libel that Pope Pius XII was "Hitler's Pope." As one who has written extensively on this Western state religion of masochism, it seems to me that Taki's complaint is true enough. But, more importantly, he is pointing to what has become a public virtue among public intellectuals: saying or doing something that the usual gang will hold up as feisty and bold. In an interview with the *Boston Globe*, for example, Goldhagen's dissertation advisor, and the perennially fashionable Harvard political scientist,

Stanley Hoffmann, breaks forth in adulation about his former student: "Danny is not somebody who takes prisoners, which I admire in him. With him, you don't get a lot of 'on the one hand but on the other hand.' He has a prosecutor's approach to what he deems morally scandalous." Because of his moral zeal, Danny had doggedly investigated the until recently suffocating German anti-Semitism that had made the Holocaust inevitable and (wouldn't you know it!) has now completed a similar criticism of Christianity and its destructive role in the same catastrophe.

Another profile in courage, it would seem from reading Richard Lingemann's review in the *Washington Post*, is Terry Teachout, a recent biographer of H.L. Mencken. According to Lingemann, an outstanding feature of Teachout's study is that he "devotes a comparatively large

number of pages to Mencken's anti-Semitism, which triggered a scandal when passages in his diary and other embargoed writings became public in 1989." Teachout notes that while Mencken had "deeply equivocal feelings about Jews, that he was an anti-Semite cannot now be reasonably denied."

In our victim-obsessed society, in which certain objects of remorseful concern get better treatment than others, an enterprising publicist, and in this case one who writes for *Commentary*, might prosper by uncovering Mencken's alleged anti-Semitism. After all, Lingenmann does describe this figure as being in the "libertarian camp of American conservatism," and he was additionally an avowed Teutonophile, who married a non-leftist Southerner. Mencken ferociously mocked all kinds of groups, including white Southerners; and in his essays he contrasted what he called "wop opera" to Wagnerian music drama, which he took to be a higher art form. His references to Jews were relatively tame and almost entirely confined to scattered social remarks in his diary. According to Teachout, Mencken went out of his way to help both Jewish and black writers; and some of them, like the journalist Lawrence Spivak, came to Mencken's defense when cries went up about the political incorrectness in his posthumously published diary. (Are we really supposed to fume over Mencken's quip that "anti-Semitism is disliking Jews more than is absolutely necessary"?) Clearly Mencken's widely distributed insults about tasteless Italians, redneck Southerners, and boobish Methodists are now less interesting expressions of prejudice than his unkind descriptions of Jewish fellow-diners, who had the temerity to show poor table manners in Mencken's view. Not all victims of prejudice are to be treated equally, any more than PC ethnic authenticity entitles Southern whites, with a fondness for the

Stars and Bars, to the same exhibitionist rights as blacks.

As for Goldhagen's willingness to take on hard topics, only a self-deceived fool could imagine this to be the reason for his publishing success. A German friend of mine, Johannes von Bieberstein, a Prussian aristocrat who lost family in the resistance to Hitler, has just published a book examining the role of Eastern and Central European Jews in socialist revolutionary movements in the early twentieth century and, moreover, the relation of that fateful fact to interwar anti-Semitism. Although there is nothing here that would suggest that Bieberstein is any kind of anti-Semite, and if anything he exaggerates the hopeless condition of Jews in Tsarist Russia, his bold study will not bring him the loot and fame that Goldhagen has earned for his dishonest, sweeping indictment of *goyim*. Indeed, Bieberstein could only find a very aca-

demic press, with conservative connections, that would publish his non-PC investigation of Jewish radicalism and its impact. The same tepid reception awaited a Polish scholar who undertook a meticulously researched study on the Nazi murder of Poles during World War II. Always around to enlighten us, Alan Dershowitz explains in his autobiography *Chutzpah* that millions of Poles were "selectively murdered" but in no way should be viewed as victims of "genocide." As any sentient being would notice, not all victims have the same propagandistic value, nor are all researchers who take on big topics deserving of praise in the *Washington Post* or *Boston Globe*. ■

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Docile Fourth Estate

A cynical press prepares for war.

By George Szamuely

THE PURPOSE OF THE weapons inspections is not to disarm Iraq but to ensure that the U.S. gets its war. Given the credulity with which journalists treat the pronouncements of government officials, the outcome of the UN inspection regime cannot be in doubt. Sooner or later the UN team, desperate to find Iraq's secret hiding places, will demand that Saddam and his associates subject themselves to a full body cavity search. Since it is probable—though by no means certain—that Saddam will balk at this, the administration will

finally have its *casus belli*. An attack on Iraq is inevitable because no mainstream outlet will dare to give voice to the obvious: whether Saddam is good or bad for Iraqis it is up to the Iraqis themselves to decide. Whether Saddam does or does not have weapons of mass destruction, his possession of them is a perfectly reasonable response given the bombing, sanctions, and threats Iraq has been subjected to for more than ten years.

Criticism of administration policy rarely gets more vehement than that of

Bill Keller in the *New York Times*. He's a UN man, mulilateralist to the core, a "liberal" who prefers nonmilitary to military options. In his column, he boldly declared, "[T]hose who believe overthrowing Saddam is the only way to contain him ... have a stake in giving these inspections some time to work

If you are contemplating sending troops into Baghdad, wouldn't you rather do that after the UN has spent time pinpointing and destroying some of Saddam's most lethal weapons of retaliation?" What's good about Hans Blix's mission, then, is that it will make war on Iraq more winnable, and hence more likely. Keller concludes, "Bush should continue doing all the things he would be doing if we were going to war, because on one point everybody who has had anything to do with Iraq agrees: That is the only thing Saddam takes seriously." This is the kind of nonsense that passes for serious analysis in the tonier papers. Who doesn't take war seriously? A madman—the kind Saddam is invariably described as being. Another ostensible *Times* liberal, Nicholas D. Kristof announced on Nov. 15 that, while he was unhappy about invading Iraq, he was all for assassinating Saddam. However, "the real problem is finding Saddam to kill him." True enough.

The media are already on standby to go with the Saddam is cheating and prevaricating story. This will run concurrently with the "Hans the Hopeless" Blix story. Even before Saddam had agreed to allow the UN in, *Agence France-Presse* was running a story with the lead, "Even if he agrees to conditions imposed by the United Nations, [Saddam] likely will try to maintain his weapons arsenal by playing a bit of hide-and-seek with UN inspectors, U.S. experts and officials say. And that strategy ... now runs the risk of putting Iraq on track for war with the U.S. administration." No real point in having the

inspections, then; one should just prepare for war, just as Bill Keller says. Note the facile and false reversal of roles. Impoverished Iraq is on track to fight a war with the greatest power in the world. Any attempt to stand up to a bully is obviously to pick a fight with him.

As for poor Blix, Charles Krauthammer has already given us the lowdown on him, doubtless to be repeated *ad nauseam* in countless editorials in the *New Republic* and on the Sunday talk shows: "Blix is an international civil servant. Does he want to go home to Sweden as the man who blew the whistle that triggered the invasion of Iraq?" William Kristol and Robert Kagan repeated the mantra in the *Weekly Standard*: "What are the chances that Mr. Blix will want to blow the whistle on Saddam—knowing that he may thereby signal the start of a war that he and his backers at the Security Council want to avoid?"

In the coming war the media will accept almost any administration assertion at face value. Though they may suspect they are being lied to, it will all be in a good cause. Hence, they are morally duty bound to follow the government lead. Who can oppose the overthrow of Saddam? *USA Today* recently ran a story under the headline "U.S. Hopes Inspectors Will Find Proof for War" informing us that "U.S. officials expect Iraq to give them plenty of ammunition—by obstructing inspections, denying the existence of facilities inspectors will uncover, and continuing to fire on U.S. and British aircraft." Remarkably, the reporter does not actually expect the inspectors to find weapons of mass destruction. He is as cynical as the officials he quotes. The objective is to provoke Saddam, and he knows it. ■

George Szamuely is a writer in New York City.

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Arts & Letters

FILM

[*The Emperor's Club*]

A Classical Education

By Steve Sailer

KEVIN KLINE, WHO stars as a beloved classics teacher in the gentle prep school drama "*The Emperor's Club*," is a near dead-ringer in looks, but not persona, for Errol Flynn, that Golden Age of Hollywood emblem of rampant masculinity.

While playing a fictionalized Flynn in "*My Favorite Year*," Peter O'Toole reacted in horror to the suggestion that he perform live, famously exclaiming, "I'm not an actor, I'm a movie star!" In contrast, the mild-mannered family man Kline has always been too much the actor to ever become quite the movie star that so many had expected.

The leading men of Hollywood tend to be more macho than their counterparts on Broadway. That is partly because fans want deeply masculine heroes, and that is harder to fake in close-ups than when projecting to the second balcony.

Also, emotionally needy theatre folk live for their nightly dose of applause, while male movie idols are a little more like slugger Barry Bonds, who does not care if he is loved so long as he is feared. The Jack Nicholsons and Michael Douglas can get by without daily ovations. They do not mind performing in front of bored gaffers so long as they ultimately get their power, glory, and staggering paychecks.

It was not until after Kline had won two Tony Awards that he made his big screen debut at the age of 35 in "*Sophie's Choice*." (Hard as it is to believe, the boyish actor is now 55.) He's occasionally been hilarious in supporting roles, such as his Oscar showing in "*A Fish Called Wanda*," but as a leading man, he's been less galvanizing.

Kline's natural style is ultra-theatrical. He won a Tony playing the Pirate King in "*Pirates of Penzance*" and another one playing a Flynn-era movie star named Bruce Granit in "*On the Twentieth Century*." Unfortunately, when he gets top billing in a movie, he seems afraid to let his histrionic side rip, so he often turns in a bland effort. Thus, Kline has fallen behind Spacey in the struggle to be Hollywood's top thespian named Kevin.

Here, Kline stars in a worthy little film that cost only one quarter of the typical studio movie's \$50 million budget. While the cinematography and sets are sumptuous, like most low budget movies "*The Emperor's Club*" moves at merely a stately pace through its simple—and slightly clunky—plot (adapted, not surprisingly, from a short story—"The Palace Thief" by Ethan Canin).

Viewers will argue over how fresh "*The Emperor's Club*" is. If you have only seen a few movies about caring teachers opening the minds of their students, this will seem like all the others. If you have seen them all, however, you will notice some intriguing differences.

For example, the high school boys actually look like fourteen-year-olds, not actors who had been tending bar on Cahuenga Blvd. until they got their big breaks. It helps that Kline is 6'-2" and headmaster Edward Herrmann, playing another of his bespectacled uber-WASP roles, is 6'-5".

Further, Kline does not play an English teacher. Teacher flicks are normally about English class, as in "*Dead Poets Society*," because screenwriters loved English. (I am still waiting for a movie about the great trigonometry teacher who instills a lifelong love of cosines.)

Kline teaches Greek and Roman civilization, which is not the trendiest of subjects. When asked by a job interviewer what his studies had prepared him to do, a classics major supposedly once answered, "It trains you to be a Roman emperor."

Kline's real calling, however, is transforming the callow lads of the Class of 1976 into young men with characters staunch enough to lead America in war and peace. The plot centers on his struggle to get a U.S. senator's hell-raising son to buckle down and qualify for the school's annual "Mr. Julius Caesar" Roman trivia contest.

In "*Dead Poets Society*," Robin Williams taught the preppies to rebel against stifling conformity through the soul-uplifting challenge of literature and so forth and so on. "*The Emperor's Club*" sets itself the harder task of showing a good but outdated man trying to teach the cool kid the value of duty, discipline, and honor—and finding it not quite the rewarding experience he had expected.

Of course, a middle-aged bachelor who takes such a profound interest in a youth is a little worrisome, especially after Kline played an English and drama teacher coming out of the closet in "*In & Out*."

Still, even though the old East Coast prep schools were modeled on the famous English boarding schools that were excessively devoted to aping the ways of the unseemly Ancient Greeks, those kind of "*Brideshead Revisited*" goings-on were always much less com-

mon in their American equivalents. And if that is not enough, the story's adapter reassuringly provides Kline with a pretty but married French teacher to adore from afar. ■

Rated a mild PG-13 for language and the rebel's collection of *Oui* magazines.

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BOOKS

[*Revolt from the Heartland: The Struggle for an Authentic Conservatism*, Joseph Scotchie, Transaction Publishers, 135 pages]

The Paleo Persuasion

By Samuel Francis

JOSEPH SCOTCHIE'S *Revolt from the Heartland* is not, as some readers might guess from the title, about the terrorism of right-wing militias in the Midwestern United States, although some readers might also say that guess was close enough. In fact, *Revolt from the Heartland* deals with the emergence of "paleoconservatism," a species of conservative thought that despite its name ("paleo" is a Greek prefix meaning "old") is a fairly recent twist in the cunningly knotted mind of the American Right. While paleos sometimes like to characterize their beliefs as merely the continuation of the conservative thought of the 1950s and '60s, and while in fact many of them do have their personal and intellectual roots in the conservatism of that era, the truth is that what is now called paleoconservatism is at least as new as the neoconservatism at which many paleos like to sniff as a newcomer.

Paleoconservatism is largely the invention of a single magazine, the Rockford Institute's *Chronicles*, as it has

been edited since the mid-1980s by Thomas Fleming, and Scotchie's book is essentially an account of what Fleming and his major colleagues at *Chronicles* mainly, historian Paul Gottfried, book review editor Chilton Williamson Jr., professor Clyde Wilson, and I believe, and what the differences are between our brand of conservatism and others.

Scotchie's first three chapters are a survey of the history of American conservatism up until the advent of *Chronicles*, including an account of the "Old Right" of the pre-World-War-II, pre-Depression eras (for once, an account not confined to the libertarian "isolationists" but encompassing also the Southern Agrarians), as well as the emergence of the "Cold War conservatism" of *National Review* and the neoconservatism of the Reagan era and after. Scotchie's overview of these different shades of the Right is useful in itself and necessary to clarify the differences between these colorations and the paleos who constitute his main subject, though he may underestimate the differentiation between the current, paleo "Old Right" and earlier "Old Rights."

Although Scotchie does not put it quite this way, contemporary paleoconservatism developed as a reaction against three trends in the American Right during the Reagan administration. First, it reacted against the bid for dominance by the neoconservatives, former liberals who insisted not only that their version of conservative ideology and rhetoric prevail over those of older conservatives, but also that their team should get the rewards of office and patronage and that the other team of the older Right receive virtually nothing.

The politics of this conflict, as those involved in it will recall, was often vicious and personal, the most notorious case being the backstabbing treatment of the late M.E. Bradford by his neoconservative rivals over the appointment to the chairmanship of the National Endowment for the Humanities in 1981. The bitterness of the NEH contro-

versy was due not to the neocons pushing their own nominee, the totally unknown and laughably under-qualified William Bennett but to their complete lack of hesitation in smearing, lying about, and undermining Bradford at every opportunity.

Scotchie deals briefly with the Bradford controversy, but I have to say, as one closely involved in supporting Bradford at the time, that he does not dwell sufficiently on the sheer evil and meanness of neoconservative conduct in it. But he also notes the firing, calculated vilification, or effective ostracism of several paleos or paleo fellow travelers by the neocon cabal in the following years as well as the deliberate campaign to strip the Rockford Institute of funding by neoconservative-controlled foundations.

As the neoconservatives emerged into prominence, most paleos more or less welcomed them, believing their contributions were largely positive and that if they could move no further to the right then, they might do so in time. Certainly that was Mel Bradford's view before he enjoyed the benefit of their malicious attentions. By the late 1980s, however, no informed paleo harbored any such illusions any longer. Critics of paleoconservatives who raise an eyebrow at the bitterness and sheer hatred that paleo polemics with neocons sometimes display will find in Scotchie's book a good deal of explanation for such passions.

The second reaction that elicited the emergence of paleoconservatism was what most paleos began to grasp as the intellectual, moral, and political collapse of the mainstream conservative movement itself. Not only did such stalwarts of the mainstream Right as *National Review* and various Washington think tanks begin to welcome neoconservatives as allies and allow them to displace older conservatives, but the older conservatives themselves (as well as the much vaunted "New Right") began to adopt the essentially liberal rhetoric and values to which neoconservatives appealed.

For example, paleos, neos, and the mainstream Right all opposed sanctions against South Africa, but the case against sanctions was less and less couched in terms of American national interest and anti-communism and more and more as simply an inefficient way to promote global democracy and end apartheid. Sanctions, the conservative mantra of the day held, "would only hurt South African blacks," a price the communist-dominated African National Congress and its allies in this country were entirely prepared to pay (or allow South African blacks to pay).

Anti-communism itself was transmuted into a neo-Wilsonian crusade for spreading democracy, and the cultural and institutional preconditions that make stable democratic government feasible were ignored. A "big government conservatism" that virtually abandoned the constitutionalist and anti-statist convictions of the Old Right was espoused by Newt Gingrich, Jack Kemp, Irving Kristol, and George Bush (not to mention his son).

"In addition," Scotchie writes, "neo-conservatives had convinced their battle-weary brethren that such statistas as Franklin Roosevelt, Harry S Truman, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr.,

and especially Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson were acceptable conservative icons." By the end of the 1980s, it was often difficult to tell the difference between conservatives and liberals, at least inside the Beltway zoo that contained both species.

Third, paleoconservatism emerged also as a reaction against what was taking place in American culture itself in the 1980s and '90s, trends that the mainstream Right warmly embraced. Not only the increasing secularism, hedonism, and carnal and material self-indulgence of the dominant culture but also its shallowness and artificiality, its proclivity to being manipulated by media and political elites, its passivity in the face of more and more usurpation of social and civic functions by big government, big business, and big media, and the happy chatter from the contemporary political Right that celebrated this transformation and identified public morality almost exclusively with flag-waving, prayer in schools, invoking saccharine and platitude about "family values," and constant ranting about any and all movies that contained sex.

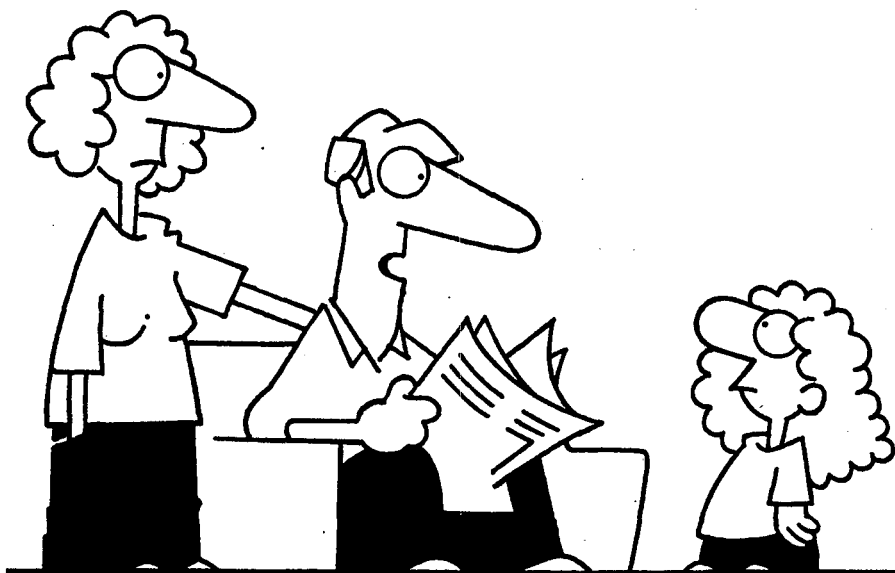
Politically, the leadership of the Right evolved from Robert Taft in the 1940s and '50s, who, as Scotchie writes, "cared

more ... about the survival of the shoe-making industry in America than whether American consumers could someday buy \$125 sneakers made by twenty-five cents an hour labor in Indonesia," to Newt Gingrich, who babbled about a laptop computer for every school child and doted credulously on the most bizarre New Age banalities. Culturally and intellectually, the Right moved from the radical conservative cultural criticism of men like Donald Davidson, Richard Weaver, Russell Kirk, and Bernard I. Bell to the post-Reagan triumphalism that chortled over the "end of history" and the arrival of the world democratic imperium.

Behind the degeneration of the leadership of the Right, paleos suspected, lay the dreadful secret that American culture simply could no longer produce first rate leaders of any persuasion, while behind the transformation of the culture lay the long-term erosion of the social, economic, and political independence and localism that characterized and made possible what paleos identified as the "Old Republic."

The greatest virtue of Scotchie's book is that it makes perfectly clear (and even logically coherent) what the paleos believe and how their beliefs are related to their reactions to the conservatism of the 1980s and '90s and the trends in American culture and politics they discuss. Paleoconservatives mainly reject the whole concept of the "leviathan state" that they see lurching out of the American Civil War and later the first two World Wars. Hence, their sympathies tend to be with the South against the state-building North and with the America First opponents of intervention in the 1930s.

While some (Scotchie mentions Pat Buchanan and me) were anti-communist interventionists during the Cold War, all have come to reject the reckless military interventionism and globalism of its aftermath. A critical point of development was the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait in 1990 and the U.S. and conservative response to it. Paleos and those who soon identified with them almost sponta-



"Never mind what Susie's mother said. Two parent families are *not* a cult!"

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neously rejected U.S. military intervention against Iraq. It was a moment, falling only a year after the neoconservative onslaught on the Rockford Institute, that solidified the paleoconservative identity.

"The U.S., as paleos have claimed for decades, was only meant to be a constitutional republic, not an empire—as Buchanan's 1999 foreign policy tome *A Republic, Not an Empire* nostalgically states," Scotchie explains. "Republics mind their own business. Their governments have very limited powers, and their people are too busy practicing self-government to worry about problems in other countries. Empires not only bully smaller, defenseless nations, they also can't leave their own, hapless subjects alone.... Empires and the tenth amendment aren't friends.... Empires and small government aren't compatible, either."

If anti-interventionism and a commitment to the Old Republic defined by strict-construction constitutionalism and highly localized and independent social and political institutions defined one major dimension of paleoconservatism, its antipathy to the mass immigration that began to flood the country in the 1980s defined another. Indeed, it was ostensibly and mainly *Chronicles'* declaration of opposition to immigration that incited the neoconservative attack on Rockford and its subsequent defunding. Scotchie devotes a special but short chapter to paleoconservative thought on immigration and makes clear that to paleos, America was an extension of Western civilization. It was intended by the Founding Fathers to be an Anglo-Saxon-Celtic nation also influenced by Athens, Rome, and Jerusalem. Large-scale immigration from non-Western nations would, as Fleming (and most other paleos) maintained, forever spoil a distinct American civilization.

The implication of this passage is that paleoconservatives, unlike libertarians, most neoconservatives, and many contemporary mainstream conservatives, do not consider America to be an "idea," a "proposition," or a "creed." It is instead

a concrete and particular culture, rooted in a particular historical experience, a set of particular institutions as well as particular beliefs and values, and a particular ethnic-racial identity, and, cut off from those roots, it cannot survive. Indeed, it is not surviving now, for all the glint and glitter of empire.

While Scotchie is quite clear and well-informed about the paleos' thought on immigration and its meaning, he fails to discuss at all their views on race. This is unfortunate, as not a few of them have been accused of simple-minded "racism," "white supremacy," and other ill-defined bugaboos. I, for one, like to think that what they believe about race, while definitely not in the liberal-neocon mainstream, is rather more nuanced and considerably more sophisticated than their enemies (and not a few of their friends) want to think.

If Scotchie's book has any great flaw, it is that it is simply too short. Paleoconservatism is worth a much longer and deeper look than his volume can give, though Scotchie himself is both so thoroughly familiar with his subject and so sympathetic to it that he could have produced a much more extended treatment. He might also have revealed more of the personalities of the leading paleoconservative writers, interviewed them, and discussed several writers he omits, for example, Claes Ryn of Catholic University or E. Christian Kopff of the University of Colorado at Boulder, and he might have explored why the *Chronicles* school has not been more successful at defining the American Right.

Have the paleos indeed failed, and if they have, is the neocon stab-in-the-back theory the only reason? Are there perhaps either large historical trends or even mere personality differences among the paleos that made their own crack-up eventually inevitable, and can such trends or conflicts be overcome? Or are the paleos really only dinosaurs, whining nostalgically for a world they have lost and unable or cantankerously unwilling to adapt to the Shining Imperial City on the Hill the neoconservatives

claim to be constructing? Scotchie might have explored these questions and problems more extensively than he did, and one hopes he will do so in a bigger book in the future, but what he has given us in the meantime is an essential and valuable contribution to American intellectual history in the last decade of the last century. ■

Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist based in Washington and writes a monthly column for Chronicles.

[*The Lovely Bones*, Alice Sebold, Little, Brown, 328 pages; and *The Crimson Petal and the White*, Michael Faber, Harcourt, 838 pages]

What Women (Apparently) Want

By Cynthia Grenier

ALICE SEBOLD TITLED her first book, a memoir about her own vicious rape, *Lucky*. She surely never dreamed how wildly prescient that word would be applied to what has happened with her second work, a novel, *The Lovely Bones*. That book has become the biggest seller of the year, leaving the likes of Tom Clancy, Nicolas Sparks, and Stephen King trailing behind for months.

The *New York Times* and *Washington Post* within days of each other consecrated nearly full pages to her commercial glory—21 weeks on the top or very close to the top of the *New York Times* best-seller list—and to her literary merit. Little, Brown, her publisher, has more than two million copies in print, sending it back for reprint 17 times. Foreign rights have been sold in 18 countries. First serial rights went with weirdly singular appropriateness to *Seventeen* magazine.

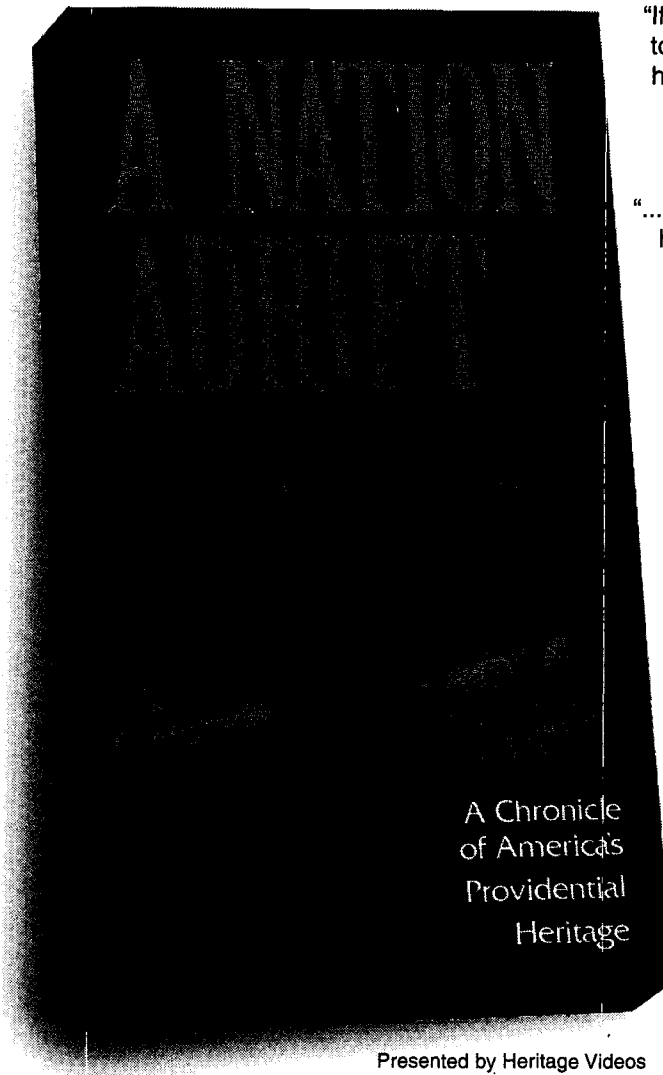
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Her editor at Little, Brown opined to the *Washington Post* that the book wrung hope out of horror, no doubt causing it to resonate with readers after 9/11. She went on to say, "There is something wonderfully healing and kind of joyous even though it deals with such a dark and terrifying topic."

Earlier this year I lost the man to whom I was married for all my adult life. His death was quick, painless, and completely unexpected. Barely an hour passes without my bitterly mourning his loss. Finding a nanosecond of healing or hope from this sugary, sentimental, politically correct book derived largely, it would seem, from "Touched by an Angel" was impossible. Indeed it was downright ridiculous. The book did not simply annoy me; it angered me. It is offensive on so many levels, whether one is a believing Christian or not.

There is no place for God in Sebold's Heaven, let alone Jesus Christ, presumed by all Christians in the world to sit at His father's right hand to judge the quick and the dead. Her heaven does have a Purgatory of sorts, or rather some kind of pleasant waiting room where her narrator, 14-year-old Susie, has wound up after a vicious rape, death, and dismemberment in 1973.

Susie's Heaven/Purgatory is really neat, tailored to teen tastes. She goes to a heavenly high school to experience in a singularly idealized form the high school of which her rapist deprived her. The boys are not rude, and she can just sit around reading fashion magazines instead of having to endure all those boring classes she would have had to on earth. Need one wonder why *Seventeen* wanted first serial rights?

Susie's girlhood crush is on Ray Singh who had moved from England the previous year but had been born in India. Eventually, as the years roll by with Susie interacting in a heavenly sort of way with her emotionally torn family, she is able to consummate this crush by the time the young man is going to medical school by means that will surely resonate with anyone who happened to catch "Ghost" at some time in the last decade or so.

Sebold's Heaven is also a Heaven where family dogs wind up, joyously recognizing former family members. "This Heaven," narrates Susie in the last pages of the novel, "is not about safety just as, in its graciousness, it isn't about gritty reality. We have fun." On the penultimate page, Susie finally wreaks her vengeance upon her rapist many years after the deed. Vengeance is mine,

saith the Lord according to Scripture, but not apparently in Sebold's book.

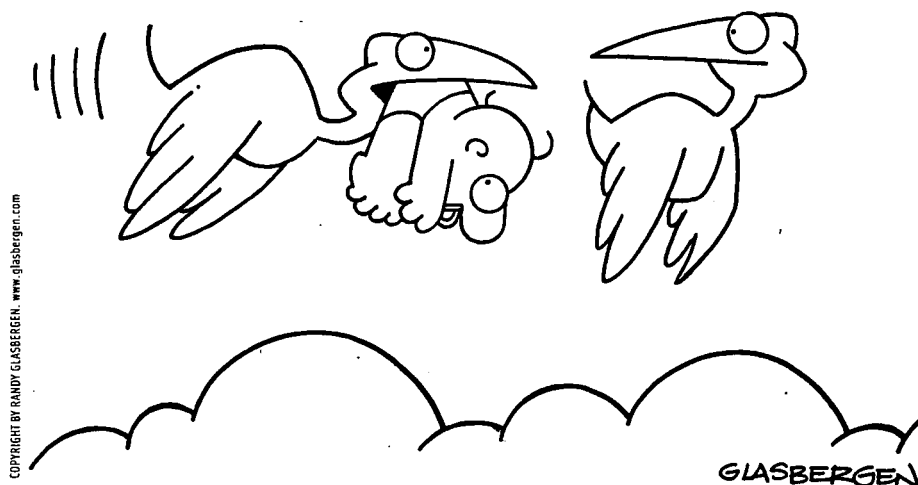
Should one quest after fictional gritty reality, one can certainly find an abundant share of that quality in Michael Faber's *Crimson Petal and the White*, an 838-page novel steadily making its way up the best-seller lists. Set in 1870s London, the heroine is a tall, flat-chested, bony, ginger-haired 19-year-old whore named Sugar who will "do anything the most desperate alley-slut will do, but do it with a smile of child-like innocence."

Faber clearly has carefully studied Mayhew's *London's Poor*, not to mention *My Secret Life* by the anonymous "Walter," a veritable treasure trove of sociological and sexual detailing of 19th century English life. But what he seems really to want to do is demonstrate how an intelligent and determined woman even from the lowest ranks of society can make her way—do forgive the expression—in a male-dominated society.

Sugar eventually advances from the muddy, filthy streets of the capital to the position of mistress of a wealthy perfume magnate, an Oxford graduate, whom she comes to advise and guide in his business, rendering him the services of what would doubtless earn her today the title of vice president for marketing. The magnate is her sexual slave, but such enslavement does have its limit, as Sugar is to learn.

The plotline of the novel is thin for its length, the secondary characters and their stories are lumpy, the emphasis on the conditions of hygiene in the 19th century surely far exceed any reader's interest. Dickens and Trollope it is not, but the author is trying to create a kind of reality never sought by Sebold, for which we can only be grateful. Sentimental pap is never a tasty dish no matter how well seasoned with righteous distress over a vicious crime. Several million readers can be wrong, although I doubt Little, Brown would agree. ■

Cynthia Grenier is a writer based in Washington, DC.



"I stole it off somebody's blanket at the beach. I think it's a ham!"

Palace Intrigue

One of the first letters of congratulations I received when I began writing the Atticus column for the London *Sunday Times* in 1994 was from ... Princess Diana.

I had only met her once and very briefly, at a ball, so I was flattered that she remembered. (I had been rather tipsy at the time.)

When the spin doctors of the estranged Waleses, as the royal couple used to be referred to by the press, first began battling in earnest over media coverage, I received not a small amount of "inside" gossip from their respective publicists. Without hesitation I took the side of Prince Charles, going so far as to write that the divine Di—a woman scorned—was crazy with jealousy and was trying to bring down the monarchy. Then a funny thing happened. At a Sir James Goldsmith bash, where yet again I had too much firewater to drink, shy Di sent a friend to tell me she wanted to see me. Although a bit nervous, I approached her table, was asked by her to sit down, and managed to slip from the chair and fall underneath the table. She roared with laughter, artfully dipped those limpid blue eyes, and said, "Do you really think I'm mad?" Terribly embarrassed, the only thing I could come up with was, "All I know is that I'm mad about you."

As they said in the movie, it was the start of a beautiful friendship, which ended with her death on Aug. 31, 1997. No, I did not have a romance with her, but I did invite every so-called important editor to my house when I gave dinners in her honor, which was the reason she took a liking to me in the first place. Yes, dear readers, Diana was divine, but she

sure knew how to manipulate. So sudden was my change of heart, that a Greek royal (on Prince Charles's side) had me to lunch and posed the inevitable question: Was I having an affair with her? How is it possible for a grown man to switch so completely from one day to the next? "Have you ever seen that look?" was my answer.

Now it seems as if Diana is finally having her revenge from the grave. And I'm not so sure that Prince Charles doesn't deserve it. Diana was too smart to say anything against her ex during her lifetime. Prince Charles ditto. The fight has always been conducted by proxy, by the courtiers, spin doctors, royal servants, and the press. It is a three-way fight. Buckingham Palace representing the

abolition of the monarchy by the Murdoch press in an unholy alliance with the republican *Guardian* and *Mirror*. Babbling butlers, alleged victims of homosexual rape, improper cover-ups, all these are mere skirmishes leading up to the final battle. This will be in the form of sweeping changes that will strip the Queen of her remaining political powers by Parliament, plans of which are already being discussed by a House of Commons committee. Once stripped of political power, the monarchy will become irrelevant, and most likely eased out at the passing of the present Queen. And yet and yet, only last summer, during the Queen's jubilee, hysterical crowds cheered her and Prince Charles to the proverbial rafters. Sensing defeat, the Left and Rupert baby went to work. With servants such as Paul Burrell, and bunglers such as the prosecuting DA, it was like taking candy from a very small baby.

THE OBJECT OF THE WAR OF THE WALESES IS SURVIVAL ON THE PART OF THE QUEEN, ASCENDANCY ON THE PART OF CHARLES, AND ABOLITION OF THE MONARCHY BY THE MURDOCH PRESS

Queen, St. James's Palace for Prince Charles, and Kensington Palace, the late Diana. The Fourth Estate, in the person of Rupert Murdoch, a confirmed republican, (he and Diana often lunched together alone) and other newspapers of the lefty persuasion now fight under the colors of Princess Di, and as of last month, Kensington Palace seems on its way to victory.

The object of the war of the Waleses is survival on the part of the Queen, ascendancy on the part of Charles, and

It all began when Diana, trying to protect her turf after some idiot advised the Queen to lift Di's royal title, began to gather ammunition against the House of Windsor. Her best sources were the royal servants. These butlers, footmen, valets, drivers, personal assistants, and bodyguards knew where the bodies lay. She thus learned—and taped—the alleged rape of Charles's royal valet, George Smith, by an assistant to the Prince, still on his staff as I write. Smith was an admitted drunk and pill popper,

claiming trauma from the Falklands War. Diana visited him in hospital and taped his allegations. Smith said he was drunk and did not realize he was being homosexually raped by the assistant until he woke up with a royal pain in the you-know-what, pun intended.

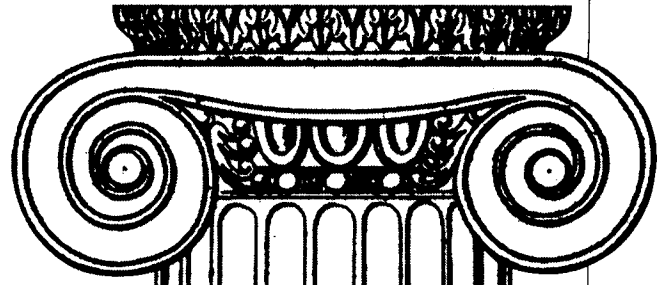
After her tragic death, Diana's personal butler, Paul Burrell, lifted many items from her Kensington Palace apartments and took them to his home. Burrell, whom I have met more than once, was a roaring queen, as are most of the staff in all three palaces. Burrell, however, was married and had two children. (He paraded his family over here last month, when he came over to sell his story). The media refer to him as "Diana's rock," claiming that she called him that more than once. Personally, I doubt it, as singling out a favorite among the limp wrists in royal service would have been the end of him.

Here is where the Queen and Prince Charles, or their advisers rather, took their eyes off the ball. Remember, the separate courts have separate agendas, and while Buckingham was worried about St. James's, Kensington won the day. Not unlike the second World War. While Britain fought Germany for European domination, the Soviet Union slipped through and conquered 500 million souls in the East. When Paul Burrell was charged with stealing hundreds of Diana's personal items, the Queen and Charles were out to lunch. Burrell had in his possession what everyone but those fools advising the royals knew he had: the Diana tape, plus the claim that he had told the Queen that he had taken the items for safe keeping from Diana's family, the Spencers, who are a greedy and unpleasant lot. Two

years after Burrell was charged, during his trial, the Queen finally stepped in and called the whole thing off. She remembered the conversation the two allegedly had.

In reality, nothing of the kind took place. Burrell told the prosecutor that he would make the tape available, the Queen's advisers panicked, a mistrial and Burrell's innocence was declared, and the tape and the rest of the mephitic gossip emerged anyway. This is where the Murdochian knights come in, like Blucher's charge late in the afternoon during the battle of Waterloo, dooming Napoleon, or, in this case, the royal family. For the British tabloids, it was manna from heaven. It is almost as if the press had, *en masse*, willed it to happen. The unending parade of salacious gossip and unsubstantiated charges were obviously fueled by lotsa moolah paid out by the *Mirror* and by Murdoch to anyone willing to come forward and embarrass the royals. (Smith even claimed he was present when a royal committed a sexual act with his valet. Yes, and pigs may fly, says I.)

So, is any of this important in the large scheme of things? For Americans, not at all. Except that if Rupert Murdoch can bring down the monarchy in Britain with his dumbed down newspapers, why stop there? Maybe the White House next. What really matters is that the Windsors are being stripped of their remaining dignity by a series of unproven yet stomach-turning allegations, and a thousand-year-old institution is about to be stripped of its traditional role of being above politics by republican opportunists and some very seedy members of the Fourth Estate. ■



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